That were his Lackies, I cried hum, and well, go to,
But markt him not a word ; O, hee is as tedious
As a tyred Horſe, a rayling Wife,
Worſe then a ſmokie Houſe. I had rather live
With Cheeſe and Garlike in a Wind-mill farre,
Then feed on cates, and have him talke to mee,
In any Summer-houſe in Chriſtendome.
Mor. In faith he was a worthy Gentleman,
Exceeding well read and profited
In ſtrange concealements, valiant as a Lyon,
And wondrous affable, and as bountifull
As Mines of *India* : ſhall I tell you, Couſin.
Hee holds your temper in a high reſpect.
And curbs himſelfe, even of his naturall ſcope,
When you come croſſe his humor, faith hee does.
I warrant you, that man is not alive,
Might ſo have tempted him, as you have done,
Without the taſte of danger and reproofe :
But doe not uſe it oft, let me intreat you.
Mor. In faith, my Lord, you are too wilfull blame.
And ſince your comming hither, have done enough
To put him quite beſides his patience.
You muſt needs learne, Lord, to amend this fault.
Though ſometimes it ſhew greatneſſe, courage, blood,
And thats the deareſt grace it renders you :
Yet oftentimes it doth preſent harſh rage,
Defect of manners, want of Government,
Pride, hautineſſe, opinion, and diſdaine ;
The leaſt of which haunting a Nobleman,
Loſeth mens hearts, and leaves behind a ſtaine
Vpon the beautie of all parts beſides,
Beguiling them of commendation.
Hot. Well, I am ſchoold. Good-manners be your ſpeed.
Heere come our wives, and let us take our leaves.

Enter Glendower, with the Ladies.

Mor. This is the deadly ſpight that angers me,
My Wife can ſpeake no *Engliſh*, I no *Welſh*,
Glen. My daughter weepes, ſheele not part with you,

Sheele be a ſoldier too, ſhee'le to the
Mor. Good father, tell her that ſhe
Shall follow in your conduct ſpeedil
Glendower ſpeakes to her in We
him in the ſam
Glen. Shee is deſperate heere,
A peeviſh ſelfe will'd harlotry, one t
good upon.
The Lady ſpeakes in W
Mor. I underſtand thy lookes, t
Which thou powreſt downe from th
I am too perfect in, and but for ſhame
In ſuch a parley I could anſwer thee
The Lady againe i
Mor. I underſtand thy kiſſes, and th
And that's a feeling diſputation :
But I will never be a truant, love,
Till I have learn'd thy language, for
Makes *Welſh* as ſweete as ditties high
Sung by a faire Queene in a Summers
With raviſhing diviſion to her lute.
Glen. Nay, if thou melt, then will ſ
The Lady ſpeakes againe
Mor. O, I am ignorance it ſelfe in thi
Glen. Shee bids you on the wanton r
And reſt your gentle head upon her la
And ſhe will ſing the Song that pleaſ
And on your eyelids crowne the god
Charming your blood with pleaſing l
Making ſuch difference betwixt wake
As is the difference betwixt day and n
The houre before the heavenly harveſt
Begins his golden progreſſe in the Eaſ
Mor. With all my heart i'le ſit and
By that time will our Booke I thinke
Glen. Do ſo : and thoſe Muſicians tha
Hang in the Ayre a thouſand Leagues
And ſtraight they ſhall be here, ſit and

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV Part 1* (STC 22287) LONDON, 1639 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 37